A

VISION

In the TOWER,

To the L. H.

In his CONTEMPLATION.

ANd is it ſo? Or am I in a Dream?
Can I be Catcht in that Snare my ſelf did Frame?
And am I Catcht? if ſo, who is the Cauſe?
Can it be thoſe in whom I did Repoſe?
If ſo, muſt I rail at their Treachery?
No, they muſt Die by my Induſtry.
I to promote the Factious Intereſt,
Strove to out-ſtrain great *Chitophel's* old Creſt.
And now my Mercenary men, and I,
Muſt by Laws Regal Inſtitution Die.
This Smiling Plot Auſpicious did appear,
To us Creators of its moving Sphere.
It from our Genius drew its right of Birth,
Which to preſerve, muſt we ſubmit to Death?
No Infant of the Royal Race could be,
More Cheriſht, than Sweet *Plot* we have done thee.
And fearing thou, ſhould'ſt Faulter, Starve or Die,
States great Phyſitians with their Chymiſtry,
Compounded Antidotes did dayly try,
That thou might'ſt Live Monarchy to Deſtroy;
And muſt I now, the Brother of thy Father,
Both He, and Thee, and I, Die altogether?
Yet, my dear Nephew, do not die for fear,
Whilſt We're Alive, thou need'ſt not to deſpair.
If thoſe that have this three years bore the weight,
Begin to Kick, and do their Rider ſlight;
Upon the backs of others we'l thee pack,
Where thou ſhalt ride 'm, till their Heart ſtrings crack;
As men ride Poſt when every Jade doth tire,
Leaves them half Dead, and Belly deep in Mire,
Thou ſtill ſhalt have freſh Pads, to Ride, or Drive,
Deer *Plot* ther's none ſhall live Thee to Survive.
If I this Dubious point of Fortune Weather,
We'l make thee Eminent, as thy own Father.

Ghoſt, *Vain Mortal Caitif, Scum of Infamy,*
Is this thy Pennance in Extremity?
Canſt thou no more relent in this Foreſight,
But to run Headlong to Eternal Night.
Do'ſt thou not ſee Grim Death before thee ſtand,
With daring Reſolution Thee demand?
For thy Sad Soul can no Compaſſion take,
But let it Periſh with thy own ſought Fate.
What Black Ambition can Rebellion bring,
'Gainſt ſo Great a God, ſo Juſt, ſo Kind a King.

Anſ-

Anſwer, Why what art thou that Interrupt'ſt my Muſe,
And doſt Griefs Contemplation thus abuſe?
May not I within theſe damp and diſmal Walls,
Conſult what Riſing ſtill produceth Falls;
And how Tradition, proves upon Records,
We had ſtill Ambitious, and Conſpiring Lords?
But I muſt be Confronted by ſuch Spies,
As from the Shades of Darkneſs do ariſe.
And haunt theſe Naucious, Fulſom, Stinking Cells,
Where Antick Spirits, meet to Charm their Spells.

Ghoſt, *No, no, Inhumane Infidel, not ſo,*
I am not raiſed from the Shades below,
Nor is't my Office Dungeons to diſturb,
I am deſcended from a Higher Orb;
Come to convince thy weak Atheiſtick *Faith,*
To make thee know, there is Life after Death.
I am the Ghoſt of Stafford, *which you Murther'd,*
Which thy own Vote, *and all thy Intereſt further'd.*
Tho' I a Howard *am, as well as Thou,*
So near Ally'd, my Innocence *you knew,*
On thy Honour Guilty; *where's thy Honour now?*
Why Startled thus, to hear Truth open laid,
Behold here's Staffords-Ghoſt *without a Head.*
Thou in my Guiltleſs Blood thy Hands Imbru'dſt,
Which Thou in thy Cabals ſo long purſu'dſt.
And to prove 'tis no Deluſions Influence,
Thy Looks (by Sympathy) draws Blood from hence.
Thou canſt not on me ſo Prophanely gaze,
But my Guiltleſs Blood, flies in thy Guilty Face.
Packt, Perjur'd Emiſſaries was your Law,
Which your black Conſcience brib'd to make them ſo;
You at their Summons *gave the Fatal Blow.*
And thus poor Stafford's *Life was Bought and Sold,*
By double value, Souls as well as Gold.
To which Thou haſt ſuch Contribution paid;
Beware, the forfeit ſignifies thy Head.
Couſin *remember, when I was Condemn'd,*
To which thy Leading Vote *did condeſcend.*
When Sentence *on my Innocence was paſt,*
The Tears of Crocodiles, *Thou Wepſt as faſt,*
As if too late Compaſſion thou hadſt took,
Then in the Crowd You quickly me forſook.
Then with the City Cabals, *You ſtraight return'd,*
And of your Conqueſt Boaſted, though Suborn'd.
Let this thy Conſcience move, with Guilty Fears,
And go ſubmit unto thy Fellow-Peers,
Which have been Captives here almoſt three Years.
Own all thy Treachery *to Truth, and Them;*
Think what it is to bear a Traytors *Name*
To thee that's Guilty; but much more to Them.
Since Thou art Faſt, ſpeak Truth, and ſet them Free,
No way elſe left thee to Eternity.
If this great Work of Conſequence thou do,
'T will ſave thy Soul, if not thy Body too.
And thus Farewel, theſe Minutes I did Borrow,
Old Sh—— *he'l Condole with Thee to Morrow.*

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